

Joshua Green, Hypocrite.

Pedestrians passing by the house in Thompson street where Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Green are domiciled, third floor, back, were attracted the other day by a noise that fell upon them at first as the bumping of a distant cart over the stony street. As it came nearer, it seemed as if a number of men shod with heavy boots were coming downstairs in a great hurry, but as it approached still nearer it suggested to those who paused to listen the probability that some herculean coal-carrier had been making an effort to mount the top flight of stairs with half a ton of coal on his back, and, losing his balance, was then returning, end over end, followed by his load in close-ranked detachments. The next instant a confused kaleidoscopic mass of striped stockings, red calico dress and blue shawl came whirling out of the open hall door, and as it stopped suddenly on the sidewalk the discovery was made that it had been revolving around the two hundred and fifty pounds of Mrs. Green. Mrs. Green sat on the flagging and, looking in a dazed sort of way for a moment, exclaimed:

"Fo' de lah sacks, Joshua Green!"

She arose, blinking, from the sidewalk just as Joshua Green himself came hurrying downstairs, and, with anxious look and agitated voice, inquired:

"Rosabella, did you hurt you?"

Rosabella gave him a withering look of scorn. "Did I hurt me!" she cried. "Ladies and gentlemen, jes' heah dat! Did I hurt me! Heah dat hippercrit nigga! W'at yuh gwan to do wiv a man w'at walks yuh roun' de kitchen wiv his boot, an' shows yuh de way out ob de do' by de wood ob yuh head, an' chucks yuh heels ober de do' w'at he's comin' down attah yuh hes', like he's bustin' him haht wiv grief, an' goes fur to try to meek out dat yuh slip up an' tumble by yuh ownsef, an' ax yuh, 'Rosabella, did you hurt you?' Dass w'at dat hippercrit nigga. Joshua Green, done gwan an' do to me, ladies an' gemman! Dass w'at he done gwan an' do!"



A LABOR UNION.

"Wha-a-h, Ro-o-o-sa-b-e-e-l-a Gre-e-e-n!" said Joshua, and the intonations of his voice showed how deeply he felt hurt. "How in dis wide wul' kin yuh stan' an' scarify yuh own huseban' dat-a-way, an' de faddah of yuh chillun, w'en he done gwan an' mos' winch he pore ob' back out ob' jint grabbin' fo' to ketch yuh, jes' uz yuh was makin' de tu'n ob' de fust flight? Rosabella! Rosabella Green! I hope to de gracious me yuh haht ben tamperin' some mo' wiv Hopeful Jackson's free-cent gin!"

"Ladies an' gemman!" appealed Rosabella to the bystanders. "Did yo' heah him! Did yo' heah dat onsanctified hippercrit nigga? Joshua Green," demanded Rosabella, indignantly, "how's I gwan to tamper wiv free-cent gin? Di'n yo' go an' snick de las' free cents from de tin cup on de manteltree an' play it on a gig? Yo' winch yuh back! Meh' yuh did, but ef yuh did, yuh winched it tryin' to 'duce me to gib yuh free cents mo' by liftin' dat beef-liver hoof of yo'n ag'in me! Dass de how yuh winched it! Look-a heah, nigga! Ef duh haht no law ag'in setch 'pocrisy uz yo'n, an' if Eldah Higgins's preachin' can't teck no clutch on yuh, dis heah chicken's gwan to 'vest all de fun's from nex' week's washin' in a razzah! Joshua Green, yo' heah me!"

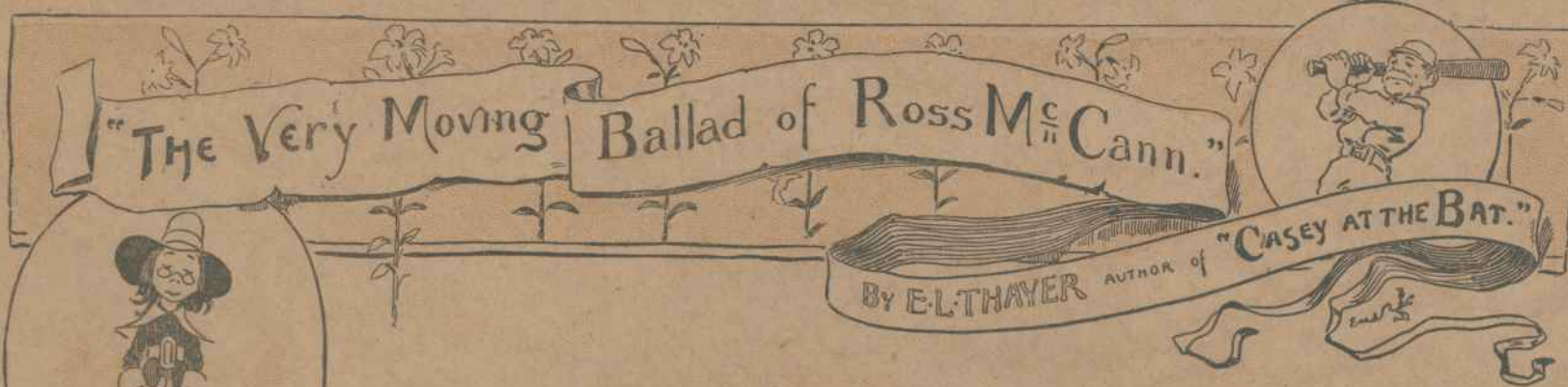
Saying which, Rosabella snapped her fingers under Joshua's nose and went in, and Joshua disappeared within Hopeful Jackson's for such chance comfort as he might find there.

ED MOTT.

USEFUL AS WELL AS ORNAMENTAL—NO. 1.

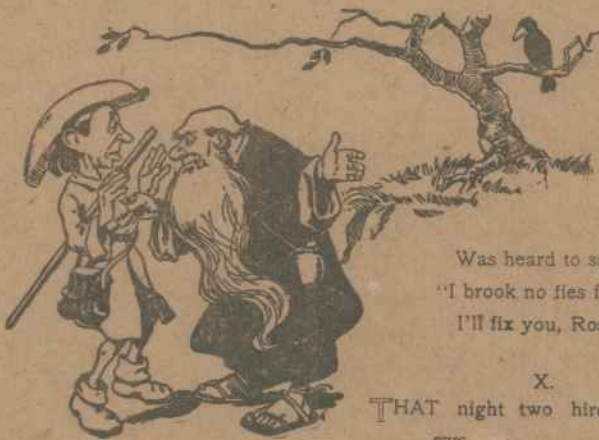


of my busin' ut, in heaven's name, why do you let your valet go around fer?"



VII.
HE read but children's books be-
cause
In others he might run [was
On thoughtful thoughts. His Bible
An expurgated one.

I.
WAYFARER, stay! the air is mild,
These Summer days are long;
Come rest upon this tank, my child,
And listen to my song.



II.
FOR I in that dear farm-
Whose tread is
To bid the traveller pause, and make
His briny tears to flow.

III.
I liked you when I saw you first,
I knew you'd prove my art.
And frankly, friend, I mean to break
Your blooming little heart.

IV.
FOR, were that heart of adamant,
Or you or any man
Must melt—I tell it well, I grant—
To hear on Ross McCann.

V.
SO pure a man I never knew,
Of doubtful tales so shy—
I like some doubtful tales, don't you?
But Ross McCann said "Fie!"



VI.
"Oh, fie! said he, when vulgar men
With boisterous merriment
Received some wayward jest, and
then
He took his hat and went.

VIII.
NOW Ross McCann was hated by
A man—you've known of such—
Whose anecdotes ran never dry,
Which Ross he
loathed him
much

IX.
HE dares
to fling 'Oh,
fie!' at me,"
Was heard to say this man.
"I brook no lies from such as he,
I'll fix you, Ross McCann!"

X.
THAT night two hireling braves
sw
McCann his occiput,
And hale him to some secret spot,
A bleeding corpse, all but.



XI.
ALL but a corse! Those braves had,
With insufficient whack [had
But stunned McCann. 'Twere better
His senses not come back.

XII.
HE wakes alone. He knows not
where.
What horrors mock his brain!
He gives a shriek of wild despair
And swoons him once again.

XIII.
FOR, lo! his prison walls display—
Some red, some blue, some green—
Embroidered texts that Rabelais
Would shudder to have seen.

XIV.
AND now the ruthless jailer comes,
With laughter loud and long,
And brings his lute to which he
thrums
An execrable song.

How It Happened.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the young man from the city, who was inclined to be critical. "How terribly cross-eyed that half-grown son of Farmer Whetlock is. He is certainly the worst case I ever saw. He looks as if one eye was gazing regretfully back at last Fourth of July, while the other was looking anxiously forward to next Christmas. What an unfortunate thing to have been born so!"

"Oh, he wasn't born that way," replied Farmer Hornbeak. "One time, when the boy was about nine years old, his father took him out in the woods, an' they saw a big gray squirrel up in a tree an' a chipmunk friskin' around on the ground some distance to one side. The old man told the boy to stand perfectly still an' keep his eyes fixed on both of 'em while he went back to the house for his gun. The boy obeyed orders so faithfully that by the time his father got back his eyes were twisted clear of their bias, an' they've stayed that way ever since."

It Didn't Matter.

MRS. BENHAM—Where shall we sit in church next year?
BENHAM—I don't care; I'm getting so I can sleep anywhere.

Not Good Polley.

M'KINLEY—I see the Cleveland's are playing pretty good ball.
HANNA—You mustn't talk like that; you'll lose votes in Cincinnati.

She Never Dies.

"Come with me," said Death.
"You don't know me," laughed the crone. "I am the slave who nursed Washington."

XV.
THE victim chokes, his muscles
twitch;
With laughter long and gay,
The jailer tells a story which
He heard the other day.



XVI.
"Oh, don't," sobbed Ross McCann.
The brute
Was heedless of his pain. [beaut,
Quoth he, "Methinks that one's a
I'll tell it you again."

XVIII.
THE hectic cheek, the moving lips,
The eager, trembling hands—
Hints all too sure of madness nigh—
His jailer understands.

XIX.
HIS wrath was squeezed. 'Twas
plain to see
'Twould yield no acid more;
But, ah! the Ross that he set free
Was not the Ross of yore.

XX.
HIS hair was white, his gait was
slow,
His timid glance about
Betrayed a nature crushed, and, oh!
His sands must soon run out.

XXI.
"OO long the sport of wanton fate,
Too long that heart had bled,
And when the birds began to mate
His gentle spirit fled.

XVII.
THUS every morn he would appear
To wreak his vengeance fell.
He only ceased when it was clear
That nature must rebel.

XXII.
HENCEFORTH on angel wings
he'll skim [reach:
Through Heaven's unmeasured
Let's hope the saints who skim with
him
Are guarded in their
speech.



PHIN.

pork bar'l into eternity. And I want ye to send back to Illinois fur my brother-in-law. He allus said I'd hang, and I want him yere to see the fun. And I want to know how my grave's to be fixed up, and what's goin' to be said o' de head-board."

"Prisoner," said the Judge, after looking him over, "ain't ye playin' this crowd low down?"

"I'm a-playin' my own hand," was the retort.

"This yere case was left to the jury, and the jury brung ye in guilty, but as Judge of this court I'm goin' to make a change. Jim Trueman, we wont hang ye."

"But I've rights."

"Can't help it. The vardlet is that ye pack up and skip."

"I refuse! It's my right to be hung, and I'll stand on my rights!"

"No use, Jim; ye've got to go! This yere camp o' Golden Flats hangs a man fur fun and not fur hard work. It does it to oblige, and not out o' rights in the case. I thought I knowed ye before, but I didn't. Ye ar a blamed mean and over-particular kuss, and this crowd kin be jest as mulish as ye ar. The hangin' is off, and if ye don't leave camp within two hours we'll roll ye down hill in a bar'l!"

Jim growled and kicked and quoted law, but the boys were firm, and at sundown Golden Flats knew him no more.

Not So Bad As He Thought.

"I have only one thing against that dude of yours," said Mr. Gruffpop. "And that is those light, pointed-toe shoes of his."

"Is that all?" asked his daughter, with a sigh of relief. "I was afraid it might be those heavy, square-toed boots of yours."

USEFUL AS WELL AS ORNAMENTAL—NO. 2.



"That's easily answered. James, brush me!"